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and

The Way to Peace

E. Ellsworth Shumaker

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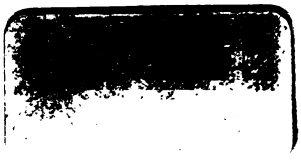

The World Crisis
and
The Way to Peace

By

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Addressed to:

The President and People of the United States: the Neutral Nations of the Earth: the Church of God Everywhere: Noble Men in All Lands: the Mothers of the World: and the Lovers of Peace among the Nations at War.

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The World Crisis and the Way to Peace

I

THE DUTY OF THE UNITED STATES

The World Is One

"AM I my brother's keeper?" Yes, to the ends of the earth. Can it be that Almighty God wants the United States to stand idly by while half a World is in conflagration? No, a compassionate No! to the end of time. Is Europe's Gethsemane nothing to America? Is not the World One?

Never was it so clear that the World is

One. All the deep interests of humankind are one and indivisible. As well might the Western Hemisphere attempt to cut loose from the Eastern and speed on through the heavens alone, as the United States try to cut loose from half a World at war. All seeming division and neutrality are as unreal as that imaginary line that purports to cleave the World into hemispheres. The solid integral earth itself makes light of such idle attempts.

The World is One. Heaven is one, earth is one; the sunlight is one, the atmosphere one; God is one, mankind one; truth is one, reason one; the eternal ideal is one, the moral nature one; beauty one and the love of beauty. Birth and death, consciousness and sleep, struggle and achievement, growth and destiny

are one. Sex and society, parenthood and childhood, brotherhood and friendship everywhere are one. Human thought and speech, will and deed, love and hate, courage and fear, imagination and hope are the same everywhere. The Continents are all one if we go deep enough. So are the Peoples in their bases. There is one life, but various manifestations. There is one international law, one comity, one duty, one honour. There is one international trade and credit, one world finance and exchange, one postal system and telegraph. The great literatures of the world are one — history, fiction, poetry, drama. Art is one the world over — architecture, sculpture, painting, music. Science is one, philosophy one, education growingly one. We are one in prosperity and one in

adversity. We go up together and we go down together. Progress and civilization in reality are one. We are one in peace and, ah, despite "neutralities," we are one in war. We rejoice together, we weep together. We work, we play, we pray together. In short we are bound in one common bundle of life by a double band—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. All the dear interests are human and common. Europe's Gethsemane is our Gethsemane. There is no neutrality to noble minds.

Civilization at Stake

What priceless, what sacred interest of man is not imperilled? The instant a foot moves across the Belgian line the deepest interests of mankind are violated. International faith, national honour, the

rights of nations, the sacred rights of the innocent—they are trampled to earth. International faith gone? a thousand other trusts of man in man go with it and the World becomes a sea of conflict. National honour gone? already that nation is doomed. National rights? the rights of the innocent? these are the costly fruits of age-long sacrifice. The moment the invader's foot crosses the Belgian border, international good-will dies, international communication stops, international trade ceases. The foundations are destroyed. What is there in little Belgium? What is there in France that is left inviolate? Human life? Soon the earth is red and rivers run crimson. Human homes? Soon flames, then ashes, mark their sites. Hallowed temples? Their walls are pierced and their altars

covered with ruins. Ancient seats of learning? They are razed and desolate. Glorious creations of art? They too are shattered and their beauty will never return. Their peaceful fields are torn with shells, their cattle are driven away, their mines seized, their bridges blown up, their manufacturing plants destroyed or appropriated, their savings confiscated, their cities put under ransom, their leading men held as hostages, their houses pillaged, their wives and daughters insulted, if not dishonoured. Men leave their ploughs in the fields and flee for their lives. Women quickly gather their most precious things together and run from their homes. Little children are huddled in carts and hurried away. If a man lifts a hand to defend his home or his Country, he is shot down in the public square as a

warning. This is war. And war is hell. And hell let loose on earth makes civilization and the Kingdom of Heaven on the same earth a trifle dubious,—especially if the saints stand "neutral." Peace, freedom, and representative government; constructive work and wealth; education, science, and art; fraternity, charity, and missions; spiritual religion, civilization, life itself! all are in the World's maelstrom. Three-fourths of the human race are at war or making ready for war. Is this no affair of ours? Is this no concern of the United States Government? When civilization is at stake, there is no neutrality to noble minds.

The Duty of the Strong

A "Day of Prayer" should be followed by a day of deeds. The logic of prayer

is wise, firm action. No one is content with weak neutrality; no one is satisfied with prayer alone. Consequently our hands are stretched out with gifts to help. Consequently our Government proffers its good offices in mediation. We cannot be static. The sleeping and the dead are the only neutrals—at least among good men. Nero can fiddle while Rome burns, but Americans cannot. We live to serve. We cannot be onlookers when half a World is in flames.

Indeed by solemn agreement we are already committed. The Hague Conventions (1907) have our signature. "Article I. The territory of neutral Powers is inviolable." Hence when the German army crossed the Belgian line, we were bound, as well as the other signatories, to protect Belgium. Other

articles have been violated. Germany therefore has broken faith with us also. How is it possible then to be neutral without grave wrong?

A thousand things remind us that we deceive ourselves if we imagine that we are not *in* this great conflict. The "New World," we discover, is a part of the "Old World." Everything, from the food we eat to the taxes we pay; from the conversation on the street to the pleading prayers in our churches, reminds us of the solidarity of all things human. For weal or woe we are one. We do not have to get in; we are already in. We have never been out, and could not be if we tried. Only in formal and artificial ways are we neutral and aloof. In every vital, spiritual, deep way we are involved. Witness the springs of feeling. Witness

our thoughts in waking, our dreams in sleep. Witness our wills in incipient action. Witness our whole properly human ideal world. Our souls are in, if our bodies are out. Shall Europe tread the awful "winepress" alone?

Canada is fighting the battle of humanity. Why not we? Japan, Australia, India, South Africa, even, are contending for civilization. Why not we? If anything is clear in this dread conflict, it is that the ancient struggle between right and might, between freedom and essential slavery, between democracy and resurgent autocracy, between law and self-interest, between the spirit of peace and the spirit of war, between the will to service and the will to power is being fought out over again. Have we no concern in these high struggles? Is

this ancient conflict no affair of ours? Shall we be neutral—and hustle for trade?

If a mother discovered her children fighting in the backyard, what would she do? If a big generous boy found two lads scrapping in the alley, what would he do? If a brave strong man saw two men coming to blows on the street corner, what would he do? Well—they wouldn't be "neutral." Duty and humanity do not lie in that direction. *Say what we will, muddle our reason as we may by specious words, the simple principle here involved is the essential principle that holds between Nations.* A great people have no more right, if they can prevent it, to permit millions of men in battle line to blow out one another's brains than mothers and fathers and citizens have

to let their children and fellows peril one another's lives.

The "New World" could discipline the Barbary pirates in the "Old World," in the name of international law, doing all civilization a service thereby, and that was not "intermeddling." The United States could stop the atrocities in Cuba with a strong hand and at the end withdraw her forces and set Cuba free, to the surprise and admiration of Europe, and that was not going beyond the prerogative of a great and generous Nation. Our Government could order its soldiers to march side by side, under German leadership, with the troops of Germany, England, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Japan to the relief of the foreigners in Peking, and that was not "entanglement," but laudable co-operation in an

imperative human duty. And at the last our strong, rich Country could return the millions of indemnity to China as an example of the "new diplomacy" and the Golden Rule between Nations, to the inspiration of a World and the enduring gratitude of the Chinese people. Only yesterday our soldiers were in Mexico and our battle-ships in the offing at Vera Cruz. What did that mean? It meant more than that certain United States marines were insulted at Tampico. It meant that a great Nation, in the name of civilization, was significantly admonishing turbulent Mexico that there are limits to turbulence. And the enlightened World approved. This is not unwarranted meddling. This is applying the law of the home, the law of the father and mother, the law of the big brother, in

the *larger home* of humanity. Now if the United States, in this same great generous spirit, were to intervene in Europe, what illimitable, what unspeakable good might not be done! A billion hearts would leap in joy at the thought.

No Nation on earth is given our opportunity. When President Wilson proffered mediation, the unique fitness of the act was recognized the world over. If the United States were now to go farther, if it were to lead in sympathetic, but firm intervention, the whole civilized World again would acknowledge the fitting leadership. Chief advocate of peace, exemplar of non-militarism, leading Republic, richest, most powerful Nation on the Globe, ours is the august opportunity, and ours is the solemn responsibility in the gravest crisis

that ever has overtaken the affairs of men.

And ours is the cosmopolitan country. All peoples are here, the German, Austrian, Turk, Britain, Frenchman, Russian, Servian, Belgian, Japanese,—all are in the "melting-pot" here, melted into Americans. So this American people, this composite humanity, this great Republic can most naturally exalt *humanity* over all, and, in the name of humanity, best speak, as children, to the mother Nations at war. With no race hatred, or national jealousy, or world ambition; with only the highest interests of humanity as our motive, our voice is the voice of power. It is as the voice of God to a distempered world. And speak we must; for the brute forces are again resurgent, the lower principles, always powerful in the animal

instincts of the race, are again asserting themselves under new names. The ideals for which our Country stands are meeting assault. They are in danger. The believers in freedom, democracy, peace, and international good-will must reassert these costly ideals and maintain them in augmented power. Every humanitarian motive impels us. All solicitude for the precious things now endangered constrains us. We have no choice but to act. We have come into national life, into unique influence, and into unparalleled opportunity for a time like this. Did ever great Nation have opportunity like ours? Did ever God give to a people chance to act so momentously?

Such kindly but strong intervention Germany could accept with dignity. Even Germany cannot war against the World.

And the German masses, those sixty-five millions, who, in their hearts and left to themselves, never wanted war, would be convinced as by nothing else. With them, the firm decisive *action* of this great disinterested Republic would "surpass all the argument of the earth." For what could this kindly Republic want? Not conquest, but peace; not ambition, but service; not revenge, but mercy; not might, but right. Universal freedom and fraternity under international law, with only international police enough to keep the peace, what could this mighty Democracy, that set Cuba free and returned the Boxer indemnity, want but that? And deep in their human hearts that is the thing that they themselves want. Incalculably more potent for good would such strong unselfish

action be than unseemly hustling on our part for lost German trade; and a thousand times more convincing to the German millions. Like an infinite stroke of welcome liberation such action might prove.

Such unselfish intervention, moreover, would be a *wholesome restraint upon the Allies. It would search the heart of their motives. It would set up a lofty standard. It would subtly discover and dissolve sordid interests. It would elevate the whole thought of peace.* And in this tragic situation nothing is so needed as elevation of thought, and nothing so redemptive. If the Nations in conflict could *really* lift their eyes to the heavens for one hour, war would cease, and "lovely peace" would reign—righteous and lasting peace.

Such merciful intervention! What

exalted self-sacrifice! Saviour-deed unparalleled in the annals of Nations! Infinite mercy to a thousand million lives! yes, indirectly, to every home on earth! What an exalted place then this Government of the people, by the people, and for the people would take. And the mighty impulse to civilization and religion therefrom might set humanity forward incalculably.

But someone says, "What about past policy? This is going farther than the United States ever has gone." History answers at once, "Look not to me for precedents. Situation like the present finds not record in all my pages. An unparalleled crisis calls for an unparalleled course."

And this unparalleled course is the only true course. It is the only deep

human course. It acknowledges the basic unities of life. It acts upon the noblest imperatives that move souls to sacrifice. And, like every true thing, it is the only course that liberates human thought and the moral sense, and delivers us from moral and mental confusion. For who can think or feel with clarity, and without inner contradiction, as long as by inaction we are denying the very foundations and unities of human life? The individual or the Nation that by neutrality denies the everlasting bases of this fact-world—which is nowhere static and isolated, but is everywhere active and mutual—will remain in permanent mental confusion. Otherwise what means this strange bewilderment? more striking than memory records. Men know not what to think. They are

dumb with confusion. But let a man go up out of the low denials and contradictions of inaction into the highlands of vision and duty and deeds, and he finds that the simplicities and clarities and integrities of the moral and mental life are recovered. For our own soul health and inner truth and spiritual unity, as well as for sweet pity to humanity, we must speak to ourselves and to our Nation "that we go forward."

Now this is only putting into frank words what more and more we are really coming to feel. "If the Allies waver," we are saying, "we shall have to get in." The interests are too momentous; militarism must not win; for Germany's sake; for humanity's sake; for civilization's sake, militarism must not win!

"Anyhow we must get in at the end,"

we are also saying, "for there must be a League of Peace." "Such a thing must never happen again; we must see to it that this is the last." But if we must be in at the end for the sake of world peace, the time to get in is before the end. Then we are rightly in. Then we can legitimately participate in laying down terms. Otherwise, should Germany win, the United States would have an interesting time indeed in trying to establish just terms of enduring peace. And without such terms, the seeds of future wars inevitably are sown. Should the Allies win, it would be only less difficult for our Government to take part. It would be well-nigh impossible for the Allies to be fair to Germany. The iron Bismarck himself had to shake with rage and break into a flood of tears to prevent his own

Prussia from being unfair to Austria in 1866. And even Bismarck could not prevent Germany's taking Alsace-Lorraine from France—her fateful mistake. Hence, on either alternative, the future would be dark. Seventy-eight millions of Germans, to say nothing about the rest, could not be dealt with unjustly and humiliated without portentous results. The future could hold only forebodings and fears. There is no more sombre aspect of the whole situation than this. But if the hand of the United States could help hold the scales of justice, there would be light and hope. If, however, we waited till the end, then proposed to sit in the fateful Council that drew anew the map of Europe and parts of the remaining World, that would be "intermeddling" to the last degree. The

United States would better mind her Monroe Doctrine. She would better study once more the rights and privileges of "strict neutrality proclamations." "Neutrality" is neutrality. "In" is in. And "out" is out. This is the immovable logic of fact.

It seems a strange expectancy indeed that foresees the *neutral* United States, of a sudden becoming unprecedentedly active, and even on the basis of *strict neutrality*, disposing of World interests, meting out the destinies of Nations in due proportion, and finally settling all things on *changed* and just foundations. And those things the crucial interests of the Eastern Hemisphere! And the United States the Country of the historic Monroe Doctrine, and at present leading exponent of "Neutrality." Of course, that

is the procedure that Britain has been accustomed to! And that is after the very spirit of modern Germany! to say nothing about France and Russia! And would the United States, playing such a World rôle, *still* be inactive and "neutral" touching European matters? Hamlet was puzzled facing his, "To be *or* not to be." How would he have puzzled over, "To be *and* not to be"?

No; we must take a more positive part in world affairs, and the sooner we begin the better for this stricken earth. Isolation is forever outgrown. It was never the deepest truth. It was but a temporary prudence, to protect the young. Jochebed may hide the little Moses for a space, and in adolescence he himself may be neutral toward the Egyptians. But when he has grown to man's estate,

he must play a man's part in international concerns, and stand forth as the deliverer of his brethren from Egyptian oppression.—And he was sent; the Bush that burned and was not consumed; the august Presence; the Voice of command; the "I Am That I Am hath sent me"—this was his warrant; and "he endured as seeing Him Who is invisible."

The "I Am That I Am" hath sent our mighty Nation. No other people on earth has such power to intervene. It is as clear as day that we have a unique power and a unique responsibility. And no crisis in all the lapse of time has so called for a Deliverer.

Strong men do not cease heroic efforts to rescue the living from a burning building until imminent death commands. Even then a fireman may rush through

flames at the cry of a child within. A great steamer that would not turn from its course and fly to the rescue when a *Titanic* signalled distress would be outlawed from the seas. A civilized people that did not burn with indignation and rise to remonstrance at the Congo atrocities would be covered with infamy.

Can America do nothing now? Can this mighty Nation do nothing more effective than pity and be neutral? Must Europe bleed white? Must five million more men, of the world's young life, be driven into the holocaust? Wherefore are we given incomparable power? In the name of the Living God and in the name of the human race, are we to do nothing with that power? Are we to stand and look on? O for a Prophet of the Most High to tell the new Nation of its duty!

Most ignominious inaction, most inglorious "neutrality" in all the history of power!

"But, there is an ocean between!" Well, has not God's lightning flashed news and annihilated space? "Yes; but they are Europeans." What are our fathers? "But, it is their tragedy." Nothing human is foreign to good men. "But, Washington said"—What would Washington say *now?* "But it might take some lives." Are not martyrs humanity's glory? Have you never heard of Calvary? "But, it would cost money." Shame! "Well, but, could we *do* anything?" What are we in the world for with unexampled power, but to try, and again to try, with every mode of power, unceasingly, in the name of a bleeding race and wavering civilization and the Prince

of Peace? As sure as God is God, if this mighty People tried in that way and in that spirit, divine Peace would come.

Europe can not deliver itself. Like mighty wrestlers, the Nations are locked in clutch unto death. To let go were weakness. To cry "Enough!" dishonour. And so the agony lengthens.

Where is the powerful Nation? where the mighty Voice that can speak the loosing word or do the saving deed? If it be not the United States, then there is no deliverer on earth. Mournful impotent conclusion! and God have pity upon weeping mothers!

II

A WAY TO PEACE

IT may be no comfortable Way. It may lead through struggle into Peace. But it will be the Higher Peace. And it will be righteous. Therefore it will endure.

Here is the Way:

Appropriate twenty millions of dollars for "Red Cross" work; ten millions for the armies of Germany and Austria; ten millions for the Allies.

Beseech the warring Nations to proclaim a General Truce for one month.

Ask their Governments to say in few words, Why they war, What they want, and How they will make peace.

Appeal unceasingly to God in universal prayer.

Appeal in solemn protest through the Church Universal, the whole Religious World, to the Nations at war.

Appeal to all Men of good-will.

Appeal to the Mothers of the World.

Appeal with vigour and firmness through neutral Governments to the warring Nations.

Call immediately a Conference of the Neutral Nations at The Hague to form a Preliminary League of Peace, and to counsel together upon the unparalleled World-situation. Invite the Nations at war also to sit in Council.

Should they all heed, then peace would be already near.

Should the Allies not heed, then the way, alas! would be difficult.

Should the Allies heed, but Germany not yield, then reluctantly, but firmly, recall all Proclamations of Neutrality, simultaneously with the sending of half of the United States Navy to the North Sea.

Then, if need be, intervene through commercial pressures.

At last, if need be, strongly but mercifully intervene by the sword—until Belgium is free and the invaders driven from France and all neutral ground; until indeed true peace is gained.—Always, however, at each forward move, again offering peace, particularly when the invaders have been driven out.

Here is a grave positive Way to Peace—a Way that follows prayer with action; benevolent gifts with benevolent power; sympathy with deliverance. In principle it is the way of the father and mother in

the home; the way of the big brother; the way of the great and strong and good, whether men or Nations.

In principle, this is the way every hamlet restores peace, every city, every Commonwealth, every Nation. This is the way our Government is now restoring peace in Colorado. From the home to the Empire this is the simple way. In the past; in the present; in the future, this is the simple way. And this will continue to be the way as long as lower impulses have to be disciplined in this nature-world. All things taken into a true view, this is God's way. Over this kind firm way, mothers and fathers, friends, brothers, statesmen, Presidents, Emperors, all men, may unhindered pray. It is the road to true and lasting peace.

The gracious motive and wisdom of

appropriating twenty millions for "Red Cross" work to be divided impartially are manifest. The amount is not a tithe of what we have already lost, nor more than a mere fraction of what we may yet lose. It might, too, prove like seed-corn. But all such considerations aside, the motive would be the spirit of kindness itself, and the effect would be subtly beneficent in two Hemispheres. It would prepare the way. And we ought ourselves nobly to insist on having a generous part in the World's sacrifice.

As to the solemn religious appeal, there is no more clear and certain truth to the deeper insight of men than that international relations and World peace must be founded on deeper bases. They have no confidence whatever in the superficial

and sordid grounds. They have lost forever any fragment of such confidence they did possess. Either the World will have real peace or it will never know peace. And the dismal wretched strife, in its protean forms, will drag monotonously on.

This many-sided Appeal, culminating in the Appeal of the Neutral Governments and in the Conference at The Hague, to form a Preliminary League of Peace and to counsel upon the World Situation, would become a psychological force of incalculable potency. If the Neutral Governments of the Earth and the Churches of the World and the Mothers of all Nations and the Men of good-will concentred their deep and grave interests and energies at The Hague, and steadfastly persevered day after day, week after

week, in their righteous and sacrificial mission, no warring Nation on Earth could withstand them. Though all hell were to erect its barriers of will and hate they would be burned away. Such a consummate focussing of the Soul and Light and Love of the World would be an energy irresistible. It would have in it the puissance of the God of all power. If the French people or the German people, literally possessed as they are by one all-dominating idea and passion, can mass and focus an energy that amazes the World and effects the seemingly impossible, lifting the common soldier to an endurance and an achievement almost superhuman, and the whole Nation to an exalted will and stern devotion before unknown, could not the religion and reason and love and compassion of the

combined motherhood and manhood of half the earth prevail to bring this murderous war to a speedy close? There is but one answer. Such a massing and concentring of the higher energies of the nations would, like the sun, inevitably melt away the frozen barriers of will and hate, and bring again the gentle Spring of humanity's true heart. Let men and women set themselves with utmost imaginative energy into that mighty focal situation, and more and more deep will become the conviction that no human resistance could withstand its subtle, constant, cumulative moral and spiritual power. If one half of the awful energy focussed by Germany alone in carrying on this war were solemnly put forth by our mighty Nation, agonizing to bring the awful conflict to an end, single-handed

she would succeed—and that without ever unsheathing the sword! The Hague would fix and hold the eyes of the civilized World. The higher energies of the Earth would concentre there. The deeper soul and august passion of an agonized race would there focus. The Nations at strife, in sheer helplessness, would have to say before the World, why they war, what they seek, and how they will, make peace. *In the very facing of the stern realities, before the bar of the World's judgment, the better sides of their various contentions will naturally come to the fore.* And when Nations, like individuals, begin to lift their minds to the better sides of even their sharp controversies, the light of hope begins to break over the hills of Earth. Steadily, increasingly the nobler pressures of Humanity's wounded soul

would be brought to bear in such spiritual constraints as no Nation on Earth could long resist. Peace, the righteous peace of God, would not be far away. And through all, let not the mysterious Soul of man forget the Divine Heavens that arch ever over an effort, august and holy, like this.

Intervention in the Name of Humanity

Not for England as such, not for Germany; but Intervention for the sake of civilization and the human race. This is very different from striving as one of the protagonists. This means not conquest. This means not domination. This merciful stern intervention means rescue. A delivering Archangel might use the stern power of the Almighty, but he would

not thereby become partisan. He would not become a conquering Alexander or a dominating Napoleon. Such intervention is the glorifying of strength; it brings salvation.

Two things must be in Europe: Life must be delivered from death and danger; and life must be set free unto more and richer life.

Let there be no misunderstanding. This intervention is for *indispensable principles*. Freedom, Justice, Right, International Good-will—these are the priceless treasures it stands for. It is not indifferent, not non-committal. It is not "neutral" in the presence of Heaven and Hell. It is positively for Heaven. It is positively against Hell. It is for humanity and human weal. It is for peace—but *true* peace; not an

armed truce, not a militaristic, high-tension semblance of peace. It is not to flatter Crowns and castes, and restore the *status quo.* It is to help God's millions to a freer and fuller life.

Here is intervention after the type of Deliverers and Saviours. This is *Positive Neutrality* not *Negative Neutrality*—not the inglorious non-action of the present time. A mother intervening between her striving children; a policeman intervening and restoring order; the President ordering troops to Pennsylvania or Illinois or Colorado and restoring peace is not thereby partial and unneutral. He is truly neutral. He is neutral as a Judge is neutral, neutral as a father, neutral as God—neutral but not inactive. God is no respecter of persons; but He is a lover of all men—active as fire, eager as

light. This is true positive neutrality. The Saviour Nation that intervenes to save five million lives and freedom for all and priceless treasure for everyone is not unneutral, any more than God is unneutral. It is impartial, but *positive* as the sun. If the United States intervened as the *ally* of either side, seeking the triumph of that side *as such*, then it would be unneutral. But when it intervenes for the good of all, it is truly neutral. It is living, it is human, it is Godlike. There is no negative *life;* there is no negative *goodness*. "Neutrality!" it is the contradiction of every value in Heaven and earth, the opposite of every reality in all the gamut of Being. Whatever God is, He is not "neutral." Inactivity has no place in His positive Life. He is the *living* God, ever

burning for life and rescue and fuller goodness.

Such merciful intervention, such positive neutrality, we dare hope would be acceptable. How could England and France do other than welcome and rejoice? Do they not want peace? Do they not want freedom and right and justice and good-will? Does not the United States stand for these? Would she not help to establish true peace?—not the crust of peace, covering volcanic fires beneath—and real freedom that is fraternity? and right for all? and justice for the little and great? and international good-will that is love? In what name could England and France reject such positive and saving intervention?

Rejection on the part of the Allies would place them in a strange position

indeed! Human reason could not frame a justification that would stand the white light of the World's scrutiny. For truth's sake, for shame, for honor, for candour, for the sake of all that is fair and noble in the World's costly life they could not reject.

And Germany, if the Allies accepted, how could Germany reject? Would she wish to proclaim to the World that these are not the things she wants? Rather, might she not welcome the unselfish intervention of this great Nation as a merciful release, which she could accept with dignity and without a suggestion of dishonour? Germany has proved herself virile, mighty, even marvellous. But she could not hold sharp controversy with half a World. Nor would she want to—at any rate her far-seeing men and sober

suffering millions. Such firm kindly intervention might indeed come to her as a boon out of Heaven.

That such intervention would be effective, even if Germany at first declined, we dare more than hope. It would clear up a befogged situation. It would reveal the Nations to themselves. It would bring them to their sober senses. In the very nature of things it would throw each Nation back upon itself, and out of the turmoil, the clear questions would rise, Why do you war? What do you seek? How would you make peace? To stop, and possess oneself, and scatter the fog, is more than half the winning of peace. For there is a strange confusion and self-deception about conflict. It holds now in this vast struggle. Look: "England, why do you fight?" "I fight

for my existence. Germany is trying to destroy me." "And you, Germany, why do you fight?" "I fight for my national life. England would destroy it." "And you, France, why do you fight?" "I fight for my very life. Germany seeks my destruction." So the confusion goes on. Each one says, "I war to defend my life. The other wars to destroy me." But no one says, "I fight to destroy the other. He fights to defend himself"—which is equally true. This is the strange contradiction and self-deception about every fight. France can truly say, "I fight for my life. Germany fights to take it." But she can just as truly say, "I fight to take Germany's life. Germany fights to defend it." So Germany. So England. There is always this double aspect to a deadly struggle. But psy-

chologically each antagonist, *in the first instance*, sees only the first aspect. Hence the confusion and seeming contradiction. Hence France, Germany, England, and the rest, each appears to itself as fighting in defence of its life, and the other always as fighting against it. Now when *each one* stops and says to itself, "I am fighting to defend my life, but equally to destroy the other, and that is the reason why the other is fighting for his life and to destroy me," the confusion passes and the real double truth becomes clear. Then the present claim on the part of each Nation that it is fighting a war of self-defence is indeed seen to be true, but only half the truth. *If that simple deep-going fact were gotten into the clear consciousness of the German, French, British millions, it would work surprisingly in preparing the way to peace.*

This is what, in the nature of things, firm merciful intervention would bring about. "Why do you war?" "What do you seek?" "How will you make peace?" *Inevitably* these questions arise and will not down, at the intervention of a disinterested powerful Nation. And the whole World takes up the questions and insistently calls for answer. Ah! if Germany and the rest had stopped for one brief fortnight at the beginning and calmly asked those questions in the presence of a judging World, there would now be no war.

And in the end those are the questions that have got to be asked and faced. The war will end. It must end sometime. Before or after, sometime, these questions must be faced. Around some council table they must be asked and answered.

In the calm of reason, not in the fury of conflict, they must finally be answered. Ultimately, Europe must return to reason and answer reason's questions with reason's answers. Why not now? Intervention offers the needed opportunity.

Besides, Europe is not necessarily as far off from peace as she may seem. The tumult of the storm is not as far off from calm as it may appear. There is a natural lack of staying power about towering passion. A strong wind may blow the wildest storm out of the heavens. A returning wave of sanity may sweep passion from Europe in a day. Especially if that mighty wave were caused by the calm uprising of a disinterested Nation like the United States. Especially, too, if there be no *sufficient* occasion for this mad fury—as Europe now half realizes.

Especially, also, if under the sobering influence of awful conflict, the consciousness were spreading that it was all a precipitate dreadful mistake. Especially, once more, if in the very constitution of the human mind there is a gravitation toward the equilibrium of truth and reason. So, with all her brave passion and grim will, Europe is not so far from peace as superficial psychology would have us believe. A superhuman strain seeks release. The deep sad heart of Europe already wants peace. If a great Nation will point the way, peace is not so difficult as it appears.

It would seem as though the United States had immeasurably better prospects of bringing this insensate war to a speedy close, than has either side of speedily conquering the other. Yet they both stagger

on and strive in vast attempt. If our mighty Nation strove one half as hard, if we strove with the noble earnestness of sacrifice, with the agony of love, with the fixed deep determination that this awful crisis calls for, not all the above steps of positive intervention would be required. The warring Nations are sensitive to a degree to the action of our Country. It might well be that not *half* the above steps of firm positive action would be needful. How can we withhold the strong and brave attempt? If ever the World saw a day of need, this is the day. If ever grave duty rested upon a mighty People, this is the hour. If ever Almighty God prepared a Nation for a purpose and clothed it with unique power and responsibility, this is the time and this is the Nation. It is doubtful whether

the World ever again will see opportunity like the present or need so great.

This mighty Nation has no more right to withhold its powerful intervention than mothers have to look on when their children are fighting, or than neighbours have to look on while their fellows are at strife, or than cities, States, and Nations have to look on while citizens are in riot. The millions that are falling in Europe are flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. The *human* bonds are deeper than all the bonds of government. Duty is as deep as human life and need. We can no more rightly withhold intervention than we can rightly withhold sympathy or prayer or beneficence. They are all really forms of action. Firm merciful intervention is full-grown action. Where does duty end? With the limits of power.

When the great Nation has put forth effort commensurate with its might, when it has striven with the determination and sacrifice of Calvary, then it will have done its duty—not till then. England, France, Germany, Austria looked on while thousands of Armenians in Asia were being massacred—to their great and lasting shame. Shall America now look upon the appalling agonies of Europe and not put forth utmost sacrificial effort? If so, it will be to her infinite and endless disgrace. O most inglorious "neutrality," most ignoble inaction in all the history of power!

Our national future, the great World's future, through our redemptive Deed, might be permanently uplifted to a nobler plane.

We have been asking for a great

destiny. Here is a great National duty and destiny, worthy of humanity and of God.

"We saw in the night a vision, a man of Belgium, standing and beseeching and saying, 'Come over into Europe and help us!' And when we had seen the vision, straightway we sought to go forth into Europe, concluding that God had called us to help a Continent in distress."

III

A LASTING PEACE

IT is true peace the World now wants. Of false peace we have had bitter trial. "Armed peace" is an inner contradiction. "Peace through preparation for war" is psychological stupidity. Peace through the *spirit of peace*, and through preparation for peace, is the only truth and the only wisdom, whether in individuals or Nations. If the World is not learning this *now*, we almost despair of the human race. But certainly mankind can not deliberately commit suicide.

A righteous merciful peace must come to Europe or it will not be enduring. The

peace of humiliating conquest can breed only new war. The peace of injustice is not peace; it is postponed war. Germany can not humiliate France; England can not humble Germany; Germany can not despoil England, without the inevitable results. Napoleon and Louis XVIII tried to humble and restrain Prussia a hundred years ago—with what success the World can now estimate. Germany humiliated France and took Alsace-Lorraine a generation ago—and now the aftermath. Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen are too full-grown, too virile in will, too unconquerable in spirit to be dishonoured and repressed. So with the others. The thing won't work in this human World. Righteous benevolent peace must be established. Certainly the Nations must come before the judg-

ment-bar of the World's conscience and reason, and must determine to establish the peace of God, which is the peace of justice and good-will. Then wars will cease to the ends of the Earth.

With righteous merciful peace must come Limitation of Armaments, An International League of Peace; with a Legislative Council, An International Supreme Court, and An International Police Force.

A civilized Nation has no more right to arm itself against another civilized Nation than a civilized individual against another civilized individual. The only moral right that civilized Nations have is to arm themselves against the lower barbarous and belligerent peoples. This will become clear to every educated conscience that will face the question for half an

hour. Time was when every family or group armed itself against the others. Now a hundred millions of people in a Nation of forty-eight States, or *hundreds* of millions of people in the many divisions of an Empire, live unarmed as against one another. They have no right to war or to prepare for war. Tomorrow this principle will be everywhere recognized among civilized Nations as it is now recognized among civilized individuals. Consequently Limitation of Armaments, a League of Peace, a Legislative Council, a Supreme Court of Nations, and an International Police are the logic and expression of enlightenment. When *all* are lifted from savagery, we shall have, in a true sense, the "Parliament of Man." Meanwhile the civilized Nations may duly arm against lingering savageries and,

so far as needful, may police the Earth. But development is hastening from *National* to *World* Ethics, from partial to whole truth. The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, and the Oneness of the World and of Humankind are not vapoury nothings, but eternal Realities that must get uttered in the Ethics and Law and Life of Humanity.

As the United States does not expect to be left out of such organization, does not expect to be "neutral" in such large matters, rather hopes to be among the foremost in bringing them to pass; so now our Nation should not hold aloof for one hour, but rather should accept the grave responsibility of her world-position and world-power. Firm merciful intervention, as above set forth, would put the United States in a position

of helpful leadership and service surpassed by no Nation on earth. And to serve is to be glorified. This is the "true grandeur of Nations."

The World is now plastic to a degree never before seen. It awaits organization. A few leading Peoples can create new forms of life now that will mark the greatest epoch in international progress the human race has known. With this international organization of the leading Nations, founded on righteousness and good-will, true and lasting peace can come.

"But, after all, is peace possible?" men ask. War can not go on interminably. Indeed such war can not go on long, unless verily half the human race is insane.

What must the Nations do to bring

peace? The answer is so simple that it seems too easy. It is so searching that it seems too difficult. In truth the simplest good man among us can name it. And yet many wise men seem to grope after it and not find it. This is not intended to mystify. Let us go back. Why are the Peoples warring? *Because they are looking at the lower and not at the higher.* They are thinking of self and of gain and ambition and mastery and revenge. Hence they are thinking of war. Even when they are looking at things higher, they are looking at them mainly through self. Honour? It is my honour. Right? it is my right. Freedom? it is my freedom. Justice? it is justice to me. Yes, even when they look to God, it is still too much through self, to a God of the Germans, to a God of the

Russians, to a God of the English, not to the God and Father of all men. This, in the length and breadth of it, is why the Peoples are warring. There is some minor deduction to this, it is true, but only minor. Was the war inevitable? Yes; as long as they looked at the lower ranges. Was the war necessary? In the deepest sense, No! Had the Peoples looked at the higher, this war never would have come. Had they *really* thought of right and truth and justice and honour and service and love and peace, this war never would have come. Thinking of these higher ranges would have made the conflict as *unnatural* as it was *natural* when thinking of the lower. So there is the simple searching truth.

Let not the Nations at strife, let not thinking men and women proclaim that

this awful conflict was *necessary;* and then submit to it, and teach the trusting millions to submit, as to an inevitable fate. There is indeed a range of Reality and Truth that makes the dreadful struggle appear to be inevitable. And there is a logic of that range that rightly moves toward its natural conclusion. But there are other and nobler ranges of Reality and Truth. These higher ranges have their logic of fact, leading just as inevitably to their nobler conclusions. The *above* ranges of right and truth and justice and honour and service and love and peace are just as real as the lower ranges of greed and envy and ambition and hate and revenge. And they work out just as legitimately, just as naturally to their excellent results. Consequently it is not the *deepest* thinking that sees the

war as necessary. In the deepest view it is neither necessary nor inevitable. If individuals and Peoples descend to the lower ranges of their many-storied life and abide there, filling consciousness and thought with lower things, there is but one result. But if they make their home on the higher ranges, living in the humanities, filling consciousness and thought with things large and generous and pitiful and excellent, again there is but one result. There are higher ranges as well as lower. There is a logic of peace as well as a logic of strife. It is one of the most deplorable things at this time to *think, but not deeply; to think only to the ranges and logic of strife, but not to the profounder ranges and logic of peace. And then to announce to the World that in the nature of things, this murderous*

struggle was necessary and inevitable. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not!* Behold your house is left unto you desolate!" There are the two ranges. There are the two logics. There the two necessities. In the *deepest* sense it was not necessary that their house should be left unto them desolate. "How oft would I"—"but ye would not." These higher and lower ranges, with their corresponding logics and necessities, are in us all. It is true of individuals. It is true of Peoples. It is true of Berlins and Londons and Viennas as well as of Jerusalems. Let no People say that this appalling war

was, in the profoundest sense, fatefully necessary.

Here in our generous land the same Germans and Britains and Austrians and Russians and Frenchmen live side by side in peace. They dwell in the higher human ranges here. They abide in peace here just as logically, just as naturally as their kindred now engage in murderous war there.

What must the Peoples do to bring peace? They must stop looking at the lower. They must look steadily at the higher. This is very simple but very difficult. Yet there is no second way. Finally this, and nothing else, must be done or peace will never come. War to exhaustion is not peace. War to victory is not peace. A vanquished *enemy* has no peace in his heart. Individuals or Peoples

in leash are not at peace. If Germany humiliated France, would the French be at peace with the Germans? If Britain worsted Germany, would Germans be at peace with Englishmen? Sooner or later the higher things must fill the mind or there is, and there can be, no peace.

It is the supreme triumph of the human mind for Peoples at war really to lift their thoughts to the Heavens and to higher things. But it is possible. And it will come. And it can come very quickly. This is why peace is possible. Peace is a mental and spiritual thing. The obstacles are mental and spiritual obstacles. Therefore they can be overcome. And they can be overcome swiftly. All the multitudes that cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" in the morning, can go

away smiting their breasts in the afternoon.

If into this difficult surcharged situation the United States entered with merciful, but firm, intervention, it might well be like a divine word of release. Her prayers are disinterested, her spirit unselfish, her sympathy real, her gifts impartial, her offer of mediation humane, her intervention sacrificial. Like the Goddess of Liberty, seeking not her own, with charity for all and malice toward none, she might enter, a beneficent Power of welcome deliverance. Her purpose, her thought would be of the *higher*. Subtly, inevitably, steadily her *presence* would lift the thoughts of Europe to the *higher*. The spirit of peace is contagious as well as the spirit of war; the spirit of mercy and good-will, as well as the spirit of

revenge and hate. In the structure of the human mind, it is impossible that England, Germany, France, and the rest should go on warring to the death, if the United States mercifully firmly intervened on that high sacrificial plane. They must inevitably loose their deadly clutch; they must come to themselves; they must stop and look up. *A fortnight of truce and uplooking and deliberate prayer on the part of Europe would close this war forever.* If it be not so, how can reason hold a seat in this distracted Globe! Merciful, firm, even stern, intervention on the part of our most responsible Nation is the hope of the World.

And what a world it is at present! It staggers belief. It appalls the human mind. Europe a shambles; its fair fields becoming vast cemeteries. The flower

of her youth cut down by the millions. Wives and mothers innumerable putting on black. Orphans multiplying by myriads daily. The carnage not lessening, rather increasing. The agony and suspense of it all lengthening. Wounded men dragging themselves in groups to die together. Poor dumb animals writhing in pain, mercifully shot to end their misery. And *other* myriads being rushed over sea and land to be ordered into the welter! *The whole indeed so awful that Governments dare not make known the truth!* O God, a beast that lacks discourse of reason could not be so insensate! Is there no ruth, no merciful power on earth that can prevail to stay the madness of the Peoples and stop the inhuman slaughter?

For the *order* of this, our World, the

United States is as truly responsible as any Nation under heaven. For its civilization, for the conservation of its life and treasure, for its deliverance from suffering, for its rescue into peace and joy, we are gravely and incalculably responsible. Was ever immeasurable power severed from immeasurable responsibility? When we have tried by every mode of the exercise of power, when we have intervened mercifully and firmly as above set forth, then we shall have done what we could; then we shall have equalled responsibility with effort. Until then, the blood of Europe is upon us too. For let it be solemnly pondered that we also have helped, in a measure, to create the world atmosphere, the world spirit, the world life, and the world status that have made this dreadful conflict possible. The

guilt rests not on Europe alone. We can not wash our hands in innocence and "neutrality," and calmly say, "See ye to it; it is not our war!"

O most ignoble inaction, most inglorious "neutrality" in all the history of Power!

IV

GREAT ACTION IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY

THIS is facing the Crisis. This great action really grapples with the terrible situation. Anything else is trifling. It is little action in the presence of World-tragedy, World-conflagration. This is great action, elevated, stern, pitiful, mighty, for peace. This equals the appalling earnestness for war with an august and sacrificial earnestness for peace. What else meets the awful situation? Red Cross? Charity? Prayer? Gentle proffers of Mediation? Plans for Peace *afterwards?* They are all beautiful —but, meanwhile, civilization wavers,

treasures are turned to ashes, lives uncounted are snuffed out forever, and tears flow down a hundred million faces. No; nothing adequate, nothing commensurate, nothing worthy is being done. *This* is vast noble action, worthy the majesty of the World's sorrow.

And this is what the Nations will do tomorrow. It is incredible that half the Earth in the future will stand and look on while the other half is engaged in struggle unto death. It is unbelievable. Such intellectual blindness, such moral stupidity, such hardness, such inhumanity, such sordidness of spirit and impotence of will are impossible tomorrow. The World will widen its merciful stern action as it has widened its sympathy, its beneficence, its prayers, its charity. If tomorrow, why not today? in the awfulness and

extremity of Europe's need. Why not be rational? Why not be civilized? Why not be indeed human today? We bind up the wounded, we feed the orphaned; we bury the dead. Why not save the living and the strong? O God, how long must the Earth wait for common reason and common morals in World affairs!

It is hard, very hard, to realize the senselessness of the customary.

If one saw two engineers open wide the throttles of their great engines and rush furiously to a head-on collision and a deafening crash, till headlight grazed headlight and boiler touched boiler, and one engineer was pulled out of his cab scalded with steam and half-dead, the other with crushed body and cut face streaming with blood; and if, on inquiring

the meaning of this tragic business, one were told that this was the established procedure by which the engineers finally determined which had the right of way at that particular time, one would be utterly dumb with amazement.

Or if one saw a stream of men, headed by lawyers, pouring from the right-hand door of a court-house, and simultaneously a like stream from the left-hand door; both crowds rushing excitedly down the steps to the public square in front of the Temple of Justice; there quickly forming in opposing companies and suddenly drawing revolvers and concealed knives, in an instant they fell upon one another in deadly combat, and fought and fought until three-fourths their number lay dead or maimed on the pavement and the rest were wearied to exhaustion; then if one

were told that the cause of this grim fray was the title to a strip of ground lying between the lands of the opposing factions and that this procedure was the final method prescribed by the *Code* as the supreme arbitrament of the equities of the case, one would wonder whether one had stepped back forty generations or was in the presence of rational beings at all.

Or if, passing along, one heard an alarming din in a chemical labratory, and rushing to the vestibule saw professors and students on one side, professors and students on the other, smashing retorts over one another's heads, turning blowpipes on one another, hurling jars, squirting streams of vitriol, throwing grenades, firing hydrogen guns and other strange enginery of conflict; and continuing the

deadly strife till half of them were blown to pieces, and most of the others mortally injured, the remaining half-dozen scathed with flame and all but suffocated with the fumes; and if then one were told that the cause of all this was a contention between two rival theories of the ultimate constitution of matter, and that the opposing partisans, having held forth in many series of earnest lectures, but to no triumphant issue, this was the ultimate method long established by custom of determining definitively which of the rival theories was the truth, one would almost despair of the human race. And then if one were told that this strange enginery of combat had been devised beforehand and secretly constructed by each side against the day of trial, and now that the issue was determined, the victorious side

would dominate chemical science and carry this superior culture to the bounds of the earth for the good of the race, one would be confounded beyond words. Senselessness could go no farther.

This is war, the blind irrationality, the stupidity of it. Come look at Belgium. Read the declaration proclaiming it German territory. Infamous might; prostitution of power; ruthless tramping down of justice. And half the people fleeing from their own homes. Look at Rheims Cathedral, that was beauty flowering in stone. Look at that battle-ship sinking in five minutes, six hundred lives going down, and millions of property annihilated. Look at those soldiers in the middle of the river and the masked Russian batteries suddenly opening fire and two thousand Germans slaughtered

in a few moments. Look at that arching railroad bridge blown to pieces. Look at the English Channel sown with mines. Look at Poland, Galicia, east Prussia, north-east France. Look at the manufactories idle, the merchant ships by the hundred tied up in harbours, universities half deserted, Red Cross nurses and doctors patching men up so that they may go back and in a fortnight shoot one another to pieces again; soldiers sharpening swords on grindstones, because they have been made dull on human bones; fifteen million men away from their homes and work, the women left behind to toil and weep, and boys of fifteen and seventeen by the thousand being trained for the front. See again human homes, the nurseries of life, ordered razed for miles around to give clear paths for the missiles of death;

street pavements uptorn and great holes dynamited in the centre; dykes cut to let in the devouring sea; aeroplanes a mile in air dropping bombs on defenceless cities, killing helpless women and children; submarines speeding under the ocean for a hundred miles to strike a floating fortress or merchant ship and blow all lives into eternity in an instant, and myriads of workmen rushing night and day to manufacture *new* chemicals and explosives, found new cannon, and forge new and improved enginery of destruction. If some rare genius invents a new device, more swift and deadly, for use on land or sea, in air or under ocean, he is decorated with the Cross! And the Nation rejoices to celebrate his praises.

And all this for what? For life, liberty, justice, prosperity, growth, a "place in the

sun." If this is not senselessness, irrationality, madness, the world has none to show. It is stupidity, insanity, and diabolism all in one. With utter conviction we may challenge human reason to look at the ideals of civilization and then at Europe for one hour steadily, openly, to become convinced forever that war is not only hell but sheer insanity. Modern war is the supreme blindness and irrationality of the Earth. It is the colossal stupidity and crime of the World.

But it is difficult, very difficult, to realize adequately the senselessness of the customary. When one wakes up, this stupid ghastly war seems like a hideous dream. Still there is the dark irrational reality! O when will the calm holy light of truth brighten the human soul!

Why lengthen this madness, why drag on this senseless butchery?

Germany wants a "lasting peace," says the Reichstag; France a "beneficent peace," says Poincaré; Britain, a "peace that will secure . . . liberty and independence, unthreatened by militarism," and that will "redress the cruel wrong done to Belgium," says Sir Edward Grey. Thus they all seek true peace. So they *fight* for peace. They will fight, they declare, until true peace comes.

Consider the nature of this procedure. If two *individuals* were fighting, with every cruel blow they would be farther removed from peace. Hate would become deeper, more unforgettable. That would not be the road to peace. Two things only could result: either they would fight to a draw, or one would conquer the other.

If the first, would they be at real peace? Day after tomorrow, unless some different, some nobler element got in, they would be at strife again. If the second, would they be at peace? Fundamentally impossible. A conquered or broken will is the very source of hate. From then on, there is a relation of inferiority. There may be no fighting, but there can be no peace. There can be master and subject but no essential peace. Comradeship is gone.

It is forever the same between Peoples. Is the issue a draw? Then war is only postponed—unless different and higher elements get in. Is the issue complete victory? Then the vanquished is broken and humbled. There is domination, but there is no peace and can be none. The path of strife can not be the path of peace.

Mars can not be anything else than the god of war. *It would be good if Emperors and statesmen thought themselves through here.* By what sense or logic can prolonging war bring true peace? Can Britains break Germans? Can Germans break and crush Russians? That is the only way to have even a semblance of peace. But do not Germans and Britains and Russians and Frenchmen know that civilization has advanced too far, the human spirit and unconquerable will have unfolded too much ever again to become subject? That time, that stage, is forever past. Britains and Germans and the others will die, but they will not be slaves or semi-slaves.

Why then prolong this insensate war? Is there one page in all history that can show that real peace among *developed*

freemen has been reached in that way? Is there any rational analysis of human motive and life that can promise such a result? Is there any light from Above that can justify such an expectation? In a word, is there any leaf in human experience, any insight or reasonable prevision that can give ground for the anticipation of true peace through horrible war? It is a strange state of mind, this present. It is a confusion and welter of thought as well as a welter of strife. To strike a man is not the way to make him your friend, nor to kill him the way to make his brother at peace with you. Here is the short line. *Project it to the ends of the earth, it will be no different.* Why then prolong war that peace may come? Strange stupidity and blindness of our human mind, even in high places. *Why*

not spend an hour in calm looking into the nature of human feeling and motive, and then a lucid hour reflecting thereon? especially in this most grave crisis that ever has overtaken the children of men. More war? Either a stalemate or a victory. Then with your *modern* men and your *twentieth* century look out for the consequences. When will Britains be slaves? or Frenchmen? or Germans?

Why lengthen then this stupid murderous war? A rational look at the *implements* of war; a scientific analysis of the *nature* of war; a clear insight into the *passions* appealed to in war will satisfy any pure mind that we face toward the jungle when we begin to hate and kill. The path to peace is in the opposite direction. Each average day adds myriads upon myriads of new *personal*

haters to the inconceivable total, as the heavy news of the slaughter of husbands and brothers comes home to the circles of kindred. *Before* they hated with a general impersonal hate. *Now* they hate with a personal, intimate, unforgettable hatred. Is that the road to peace? If so, then the jungle is the kingdom of peace, and the tiger, not the dove, the emblem. How an awakened intelligence can steadily, really look at this horrible procedure, and not recoil from it forever, and pray and strive with the last measures of earnestness for peace and the things of peace, baffles and passes comprehension.

One of the most appealing reasons for stopping this prodigious destruction is that the majority of the victims are youth. Think of boys and young men, before

their minds are half opened as to the meaning and worth of life, cut down by the hundred thousands, never to have a career and growth on this earth. Think of the vigour slain, the homes that will never be, the children not to be born, the millions of girls doomed to a solitary and unnatural life. By whose decree? By the decree of older men, the deliberate decision of fathers! Youth by the millions deprived of their human chance by the fixed determination of their elders. Is this the wisdom of the elders? This the meaning of fatherhood? This the care of the older generation for the younger? And every device known to man used to move the youth toward the ranks, even to the limit of conscription. To the sensitive mind there is no more violent and deplorable use of experience

and power in the world than this. It would be better if no man under thirty-six were even permitted to volunteer, and none under forty-eight conscripted. Then if the older men wanted war, they might have it. They are the ones that best could be spared, and their counsels of war would cease with them. But there would be no war! A new type of wisdom among the counsellors would quickly come, new ways of composing differences very soon found—especially if conscription fell impartially on Kings and Cabinets, and the front line of danger were no respecter of persons. War would be found not so inevitable, not so divinely decreed as men fable. They would indeed make short shrift of war! Yet by cold resolve war is prolonged and other myriads of youth must fall.

Who can calculate the moral damage of this war? Its prolongation is dulling the sensibilities of mankind. We are getting used to daily chapters of horror. We are *adjusting* ourselves. We are hardening our hearts. The moral damage to the young especially is incalculable. This consequence is one of the subtlest and saddest of the results of war. Any fine nature can feel the spread of its hardening influence. Few escape. If we deafen and deaden ourselves and do nothing, the brutalizing effect is increased. If we rise up, stirred to the depths with sympathy, and highly resolve to do our utmost, then we react against its brutalizing power. Still the finer side of us all is being injured by the daily consciousness of the brutalities of war. If this could be realized, in its penetrative

damage, nothing would more move fathers and mothers and friends of the race to end this and all wars swiftly and forever.

And why do we not move? Why do we not *intervene* even, if nothing less will avail? But we shrink. There is an instinctive dread, a natural timidity, an impulse toward self-preservation. The situation is so unusual. We were overwhelmed, dazed. We were at a loss, awkward, inexperienced in World-action. The catastrophe was so vast. Wasn't it providential that there was a broad ocean between? Fortunate that we didn't have to get in? We drew back as from a vast elemental cataclysm. "Neutrality!" happy refuge! and "so calm and sensible and dignified." Such was our confused mental state, our timid

solution, our passive refuge. *But* can we *rest* there?

An engineer catches sight of a child drowning in a river. Quick as lightning he reverses his engine, stops the train, leaps into the river, and rescues the child. An appalling mine disaster occurs in Illinois. Doctors, nurses, fire-apparatus, and rescuers from far and near are rushed to Spring Valley. For days they dig and fight flames day and night in an herculean effort to save the imprisoned and suffocating men. At last they reach them and save some. The young Lincoln watches an auctioneer sell slaves in New Orleans; silently he meditates, walks away, raises his clenched fist, and says to his friend, "If ever I get a chance I'll hit that thing hard!"

"But this great dreadful war over

there is different," men say. *Is* it? Little drop, you are like the Ocean. Ocean, you are like the little drop. Falling apple, you are like the falling Galaxy. Moving Galaxy, you are like the falling apple. Little candle, you are like the fiery Sun. Flaming Sun, you are like the little candle. A nine-year-old said to his mother, when she was reading to him about the terrible battles in Europe, "Mother, why don't they make them stop?" No neutral statesman on earth can answer that question. No human mind can justify non-action. All the neutral Cabinets and Rulers of the World can not frame a rational answer that will satisfy the mind of that boy or the uncorrupted reason and conscience of mankind. There is no answer. The laws of the nursery are the laws of the

World. The ethics of the individual are the ethics of humanity. "Mother, why don't they make them stop?"

We will not let a citizen burn down his own house or cut his own throat with his own razor, much less his neighbour's house or throat. We will not let two men measure off a space and shoot to blow out one another's brains, even if they agree to do so beforehand. We will not let parents jeopard their own children's lives, nor destroy the life of offspring, even unborn. Shall we permit Nations to burn down whole cities, send fleets of merchantmen to the bottom of the sea, and lay low human lives by the million, because they have agreed to do so in impetuous haste? At this very moment Germany would burn down Paris and London and destroy millions of soldiers' lives, if thereby, and

only thereby, they could triumph. At this very moment England and France would burn down Berlin and Vienna, and destroy millions of soldiers' lives, if thereby, and only thereby, they could triumph. It seems too horrible, too inhuman to think of. But what warrant do these last months give for thinking otherwise? "War is war" they say.

If this situation can not move our mighty Nation, what could happen on earth awful enough to do so? The destruction is so wide it outgoes conception; so horrible, the heart bleeds to think of it. And the United States doing nothing! O that the august imperatives of duty might become clear! That the larger thought, the broader imagination, the wider vision might come! That the human home might be truly seen as the World, not as

our Country merely, humankind felt as brothers in all lands, human duty, that knows not place, quickly acknowledged wherever need appeals! A sympathy, a thought, a prayer, a charity that does not take in all mankind is ignoble. It is not fully human. Duty, *action* that does not take in all men, is ignoble. It is not completely human.

The first international conference of neutral Nations, assembled in any part of the globe since the war began, gathered at Washington, December 8th. Twenty Republics were represented, our great Republic leading. What were they together for? For the sake of ideals? No; in the interest of commerce. About a fortnight later, the first formal and firm protest, representing the same twenty

Republics, was made. Against what? Violation of Belgian neutrality? No; against interfering with American money-making. This protest was dispatched on Christmas Eve—eve of the birth of the Prince of Peace! No solemn protest yet against war! No great action yet toward peace! 'Twill be recorded to the ever-lasting and ineffable disgrace of the twenty Republics, and especially the United States. Our Ambassador at London represented to Britain that the United States was thoroughly in earnest! The protest concludes with a warning seeking to impress on the British Government that interference with American trade "may arouse a feeling contrary to that which has so long existed between the American and British peoples."

What shall we say? Silent touching

the highest and gravest interests of the human race! Emphatically protesting touching interference with American dollars! Is this American leadership? This the destiny of the Great Republic? This "getting ready" to render a "supreme service" to Europe and the World?

England, France, Germany have been unified, solemnized, in a way, exalted by their boundless sacrifice, suffering, and sorrow. It is probably unparalleled. Is there no infinite appeal that can be made to the United States and to the other Republics? Is there no unity, exaltation, and sublime action for them in the name of freedom and justice, humanity and mercy? There should be such grandeur of soul now, such elevation of resolve, such glory of action, such boundlessness of sacrifice, as the earth never has known.

It is a World-tragedy, a World-sorrow. The appeal should be surpassing; the response unparalleled. "O beautiful, my Country!" may thy Leadership be glorious!

Two souls dwell in the German breast, in the British, and in the others. The baser soul thirsts for triumph, lusts after dominion and aggrandizement, seeks disguised revenge. The nobler seeks right, justice, honour, peace, and good-will. The nobler soul is not *dead*. It shall yet rise up like a rock out of the sea of passion. But how troubled the sea! and how dark! Still the eternal soul of these Peoples shall yet arise. Germans, Frenchmen, Britains are not depraved spirits. They shall yet listen to the "still small voice." Chastened, sobered, purified, they shall

yet listen to truth and right and love and peace. Have faith in God. Have faith in man. Unspeakable pity that such storms should sweep and deluge the human spirit. But the God who could upheave a Continent from the weltering sea, bring order out of chaos and light out of darkness, will bring peace again to this troubled Earth. Have faith in God! Have faith in man!

Peace does not seem *impossible* when we stop and hear the Nations tell, in nobler speech, why they war. "For freedom and public right, for justice, life, and possessions, for the sanctity of treaties and the destruction of militarism, we war," says Britain. "For the same high things we strive," says France—many adding, "and for the Provinces wrongly wrested from us." "And we

strive," says Germany, "for honour and greatness, for life and existence, for right and freedom, for equal opportunity and the destruction of navalism, and for the fulfilment of our cultural mission." And all strive for "*lasting peace.*" Such speech does not make truce and peace impossible. Can not strong Nations, like strong men, come together and understand each other? *In a fortnight, twenty great noble men, together with our rare President, could determine conditions and outlines of peace.* To prolong this stupid, murderous, and barbarous war is as unnecessary as it is monstrous. There are noble men, there are noble heights in humanity, there are noble planes of truth and duty, that can stop this insensate and iniquitous war almost tomorrow! When strong and noble men, for such

high purpose, come together, Almighty God will bow the Heavens, if need be, and come down! Possible peace is nearer than we think, for God is *near*—and God is Love. Though "Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of great war," yet just and righteous peace can come.

But when? The exigency is so appalling that we look up and ask, Why does not God intervene? Doubtless more prayers for deliverance are being offered than ever have gone up from this afflicted earth. Why does not God intervene? Is He not pitiful? Does He not care? Why does He not come forth and stay the ragings of war?

It seems once for all clear that God does not thus interpose. If ever, then now. For will the world again know extremity like this? The Infinite Com-

passion verily is moved with tenderness divine. For what is this flood of pity that we feel, but the tide of His Being? No; *God helps man through man.* Not as a forth-put Hand of Might does He come. But as an interior presence, Spirit to spirit. Directly to the souls; indirectly through pitying men. If the Father saves his children now, it will be by the touch of the Spirit, and the inspired soul and might of brother men. More august, therefore, is our warrant, more meaningful our deep impulses to help. They are the movements of God in the souls of men. They are the spiritual interventions of the Eternal Pity. They are the saving movements of God. How august, then, how imperative, are the overflowing sympathies, the divine unrests, the upsurging impulses that we feel. They are

the disturbings of God, thrusting us forth to the mighty work of rescue. If ever God moved men to help, if ever He called them to divine intervention, it is now. The need is so vast, so appealing. He saves man through man—*this* is God's intervention. Blessed are the men and women who feel the Divine urge and nobly act!

"But surely the Way must be very hard to find and circuitous?" Yes, for selfish unearnest men. For noble earnest men, the Way is very simple and easy to find. It is the straightforward Way of high resolve to help. It is the simple purpose, deep as mother love, to save the children of men and God from death. It is as deep and earnest for peace and life, as the present sacrifice for war and death.

This is the simple Way, and brave, loving men and women can quickly find this Way. No subtlety of wisdom is called for. Only the simplicity of love and sacrifice. In Europe *now* we see enough of subtleties, circuitous diplomacies, legal technicalities, and Machiavellian duplicities. May God give the World honest love and straightforwardness henceforth! and see what that will do.

And no President since Lincoln has been more fit to lead in so grave and high a work. Happy the Nation with a Leader so strong and calm and superior. Happy also the Nation, at such a time, whose Secretary of State is large and generous of nature. Great souls, both of them, lovers of peace, and withal fearless men. No Nation in this great

Crisis has opportunity like ours, and none Leaders more fit.

Great President of a Great People: Leading Republic of the World: Neutral Nations in all the Earth: Church of God everywhere: Noble Men in All Lands: Mothers of the World: and Lovers of Peace among the Nations at War: Yours is the august Opportunity, and yours is the solemn Responsibility in the gravest Crisis that ever has overtaken the affairs of men.

How can the Christian, how can the human World endure to see this monstrous butchery drag on? Our hearts bleed for suffering humanity. Our very souls cry out to Thee, O God! Come quickly, Lord, and bring in the time when our humane men and women shall govern the World.

Hear the solemn words of our President: "Look abroad upon the troubled world! Only America at peace! Among all the great Powers of the world, only America saving her power for her own people! Only America using her great character and her great strength in the interests of peace and prosperity!

"Do you not think it likely that the world will sometime turn to America and say: 'You were right and we were wrong. You kept your head when we lost ours. You tried to keep the scale from tipping, and we threw the whole weight of arms on one side of the scale. Now, in your self-possession, in your coolness, in your strength, may we not turn to you for counsel and assistance?'

"Think of the deep-wrought destruc-

tion of economic resources, of life and hope, that is taking place is some parts of the world; and think of the reservoir of hope, the reservoir of energy, the reservoir of sustenance, that there is in this great land of plenty. May we not look forward to the time when we shall be called blessed among the nations, because we succoured the nations of the world in their time of distress and dismay?

"I, for one, pray God that that solemn hour may come, and I know the solidity of character and I know the exaltation of hope, I know the high principle with which the American people will respond to the call of the world for this service; and I thank God that those who believe in America, who try to serve her people, are likely to be also what America herself

from the first intended to be, the servant of mankind."

That "solemn hour" has come!

"O beautiful, my Country!" may thy Leadership be glorious!

THE END

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